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The Performance

Right off the bat let's admit my ignorance and express my thanks for Maxie's guidance over the years in matters of art and music. (In turn, I showed him the outdoors. Good friends make better deals.)

Anyway, it's us in first row seats at the concert where *The Greatest One* drools and is hardly audible, his playing awful too, thumbs.

Surreal image overheats my poor brain: the purpley, mottled fingers fall off his hands and scatter across the keyboard.

So it's all pretty damn excruciating, the wet voice a boozy whisper out of time--heh heh--accompanied by clanking chords.

"It's...all wrong," Maxie finally whispers. He got THAT right. "And it's all right that it's all wrong."

That idea sounds so precious that I just have to say it:
"He sounds like shit to me!"

"Supposed to," Maxie winks. "That's wit, my friend, not shit. He's

making fun of those who are making fun of him--it's parody on parody by the original subject. Mark of genius, uh, if you really want to know."

"It's good there's something left for him to be--except dead. I usually take your word for these things, but..."

Well, I just didn't know...don't know even now. Well, that's not entirely true. Anyway, he does know his stuff, Maxie, and can really come up with the right words.

"What a fuckin country, huh?" he punches me on the arm, the roaring fans around us springboking from their seats.

"Yeah, you never have to quit here," I shout.